

AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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WHOLE NO. 56

Spiritualists have enough to do without Proselyting.

Yes, reader, if you are a spiritualist, you have enough to do to regulate your own life, in accordance with the teachings of Spiritualism, without volunteering to convince others that their religious faith is wrong and yours is right. It is, nevertheless, right and expedient for you to use all rational and proper arguments to prove the truth of your religious faith, when it is arraigned by others who condemn it ignorantly, not having made themselves acquainted with the evidences by which its truth is sustained. It is right and expedient to give to sincere inquirers all the light you are possessed of, that they may be enabled to judge whether it is or is not advisable for them to seek the truth by investigation. It is also proper for those who possess competent qualifications, to lecture on the subject, to those who desire to be instructed in its philosophy. And, in view of the powerful array of opposition which is brought to bear against the advance of the spiritual philosophy and faith, it is necessary that believers should be provided with engines of defence, to meet the assailants and parry their blows. Not only are such engines necessary for the defence and comfort of spiritualists, but they are necessary to the whole reading and thinking public, to preserve their minds from being prejudiced by false representations, that they may be left free to receive or reject the evidences, by the unbiased action of their own appreciating faculties. A fair field and no false representations, are all that spiritualists require of their opposers.

To return from this explanatory digression, we repeat: Spiritualists have enough to do without proselyting. Each one has as much as he can attend to, to look all through and all over himself, and see if he is any better than the Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, or whatever, whom he would bring over to the spiritual faith. If, in this examination, he do not find better principles internally, and better fruits from them externally, then one of these two propositions must be true: Either he is a worse man than the one he is endeavoring to convert, or the faith which he would bring him over to, is no better than the one he possesses. No man should dare to ask another to take his religious faith in place of his own, who does not prove his better faith by his better life. Let this be the rule of action among all religious persuasions, and the business of proselyting would soon be abandoned; persecutions for conscience sake, would cease; every one would be and feel at liberty to serve God according to his own conscience, and three-fourths of the antagonism and hatred which now rankle in men's souls, would be annihilated.

Have you a Presbyterian neighbor whom you would wish to convert to the spiritual faith? Do not attempt it by argument. He can find as many words to say against your faith as you can against his; and, as yet, he has the popular side of the question. Be silent on the subject, and show him your better faith by being a better neighbor. Utter not one word against his religious faith. Be it what it may, there is something good in it; and nothing should be despised in which there are good properties.

There is another consideration why we should not spend our time and energies in endeavors to convince skeptics of the truth of the spiritual philosophy. This is the important fact, that converts are coming in fast enough without such labor. They are coming as fast as they can be digested; and faster than this, would be too fast. If mere conviction that spirits do really hold intercourse with mortals, were all that is necessary to constitute a man a spiritualist, then any steam process or

clap-trap, by which such conviction can be produced, might rattle away, the faster the better, provided converts would be made any better by their conversion. But mere belief in the truth of spiritual manifestations, is scarcely the first step towards becoming a spiritualist. Belief in the fact that spirits communicate with mortals, and the reception and faithful observance of spiritual teachings, are two things entirely.—Faith does but add to the convert's condemnation, if, after being convinced of his own immortality, and of the continual efforts of spirit friends to redeem him from the thraldom of vice, he make it a mere matter of amusement or speculation, and fail to profit interiorly by their teachings.

Supposing that spiritualism could be made, in a single month—nay, in a single year, the most popular of all the religions of the age, what would be the consequence? Even now, unpopular as it is, we have many—alas! too many, who regard it in the light of mere amusement, and attend circles nightly, to gratify a morbid appetite for excitement. And all spiritualists who know anything of the spiritual philosophy, are aware that there are thousands and millions of undeveloped spirits, who are attracted to such persons by moral affinity, and who are ready at all times to gratify them with such manifestations as suit their vicious propensities. We see, already, that men professing to be spiritualists, are getting up spiritual shows, like bear-garden exhibitions, for the nightly entertainment of all who can pay an admittance fee, without regard to moral elevation or debasement. If such be the case now, what would be the state of things, if spiritualism were sufficiently popular to bring in the whole body of morally undeveloped humanity? We think we have need rather to pray that believers may be multiplied only as fast as they can become true spiritualists, rather than to have them come like an avalanche, in all the crudeness and inharmony of uncultivated minds.

There was a time when a now very numerous sect of christians held meetings in the woods, continuing through a whole week. They had preaching meetings, exhorting meetings, and prayer meetings, and frequently there would be from half a dozen to a dozen, down in a little area which was called the altar, praying and screeching all at once; and this was the process of what they called "getting religion." Although they were made the subjects of ridicule and reproach, we have no doubt that those who thus exhibited themselves, were, in most cases, truly under spirit influence. But, supposing they had turned these religious meetings into scenes for public entertainment, and charged two or four shillings a head for admittance, what would have been the consequence to them? It would have been general and well merited denunciation and scorn. But they never were thus guilty, however fanatical they were.

Spiritualists have no necessity to use extra exertions to make converts to their religious faith. As they do not propose to erect costly edifices, with spires piercing the heavens, and with interior finishings and garniture of the most costly materials and workmanship, they do not require numerous and wealthy congregations. Hence no allurements addressed to the pleasure-seeking propensities, are necessary, to produce converts on the hot-bed principle, as fruits are produced out of season.

We see no objection to media having rooms for the accommodation of investigating visitors, nor any impropriety in their receiving such gratuities as visitors are disposed to bestow, or even a stipulated compensation for their time and room rent. But we do object to, and protest against, making a public exhibition of the manifestations of spirit

presence, for pecuniary speculation. We consider it a prostitution of spirit mediumship, and a desecration of a sacred thing.

There need be no doubt that our spirit friends will proceed fast enough with the great work which they have so gloriously commenced. Let them have their own way and take their own course, and every thing will work well and harmoniously. They will carry conviction to every human habitation, as fast as it is healthful to the cause.

Home circles, with accessions of neighboring friends, are the most profitable to the propagation of spiritual truth. Nor should these be allowed to interfere with the necessary avocations and duties of life. There is always leisure enough to attend to spiritual matters, in the intervals of necessary attention to business. Let every thing be done rationally, and we shall progress the faster, and have nothing to regret or be ashamed of.

For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO: I recently intimated to you that I might soon offer you, for insertion in your columns another lecture, by the spirit-author of several contributions which have already appeared in your paper. I now place at your service the promised lecture, which I received in the usual mode, through the mediumship of Miss Brooks, in the presence of her father.

After the conclusion of the lecture, we were requested to place a pencil and some paper beneath the table, and remove the light from the room; which having been complied with, we were directed to assume certain positions around the table and await the result. Soon we heard sounds under the table, as of writing somewhat rapidly—then the rustling of paper—and afterwards the falling upon the floor, under the table, of some object of moderate weight. It was then spelled out, by means of the alphabet, that, in a book, under the table, was a private communication for me. This book proved to be the object whose fall we had heard, and, within it, I found a neatly folded note, superscribed with my name, and marked "Private." It proved to be a strictly private communication, written in pencil, upon one of the sheets which had been placed under the table; with the, to me, well known name of the spirit lecturer appended, and dated in the Spirit Land. Other communications of intense interest to me, were also made, and other matters of deep significance occurred; but I defer their publication, for the present. You may expect farther contributions from time to time, by the author of the following lecture.

I remain, very truly yours,

BUFFALO, 27th Oct. 1855.

J. J. FOLTS.

The Natural Universe and its relation to the Spiritual Universe.

The Natural Universe signifies an anatomical construction whose foundation is based upon the Divine Formative Principle, through its indescribable and innumerable departments. There are established arteries of natural physiological creation, through which flow the life element and all-pervading essences, which cause it to pulsate with the distinct and separate actions which are constitutional in all created animate existences.

The natural world is exclusively adapted to the support and cultivation of physical things; or, in other words, it is definitely designed for the development of the spiritual qualities and essences which are embodied in, and surrounded by, the human organization. It is in all its grades of refinement, ever urging the God-like and spiritual principle up through the crusted surface of materiality, to the still higher spheres of individualized development. It is a stepping stone upon which the human spirit eventually stands, in searching for the causes of those undefinable sensational qualities which lie deep in the mysterious caverns of the human animated soul. It is a medium through which the odors of heaven are first passed, before the soul, with all its distinct functions and separate senses, can realize their perfect, present and infinite influences. It is a simple flower, blooming upon its mother stem—Immor-

tality. Its ten thousand petals open beneath the spiritual and central Sun; and its millions of leaves play at the will of the dancing breeze. And while its many tender branches mature and fall to the earth, others come in their native beauty and primal glory, to supply their places; and you still behold the flower as perfect as ever, except that the new created flowers send forth a diviner aroma, to tranquilize and subdue the grosser senses of man.

And who can analyze this flower and prove its constituents? It is a compound in its immortal departments, complicated and immutable. The Great Indescribable Botanist demands not of you the analyzation of all its vast floral departments; but he gives you a single leaf to analyze—and that is, *know thyself*.

The natural world is also like the needles of the magnet, whose polarities are regulated by the superior and stronger attraction of the Vast Magnet of all causation; or, in a more definite and comprehensible expression, God. And the world is like the needles of the magnet, one being positive and the other negative. These needles of themselves possess millions of other needles, which move at the profound utterances of universal nature. These smaller needles turn gradually towards the Divine Magnet of attraction, and they signify man. These larger needles are the positive and negative forces, emanating from God, and are diffused throughout, and incarnated into the vast empire of visible and tangible existence. The negative needle is the stupendous body of nature; and the positive, is the soul of this body—or, in other terms, one is outward, and the other is inward nature; and the magnet of human attraction, is the soul of man.

The world, again, is like a vast and mighty rock, resting in the midst of the ocean of immensity. It first was a single grain of sand, which floated along the boundaries of infinitude, until other little grains joined with it; and thus they travelled on together, until others were brought in connection with them, and the final *ultimatum* of all, was the mighty mechanism of man, surrounded by a world glowing with the radiance of the First Positive Cause. And the inherent voice of nature, commands you not, alone and instantaneously, to tell what made the massive rock; but it calls, with its silent voice, upon man to first learn what produced the original little grain of sand; and, from thence, by strict analogy, he can tell what made the mighty rock, upon which his physical being is based. The Mighty Geologist urges not upon you the solution of the problem of nature, nor even the analyzation of the entire rock; but he speaks in tones louder than the thunderbolt which rives the heavens, saying: "Know what made the simple grains which form its grand construction, and you will know the compound being of man."

The life elements of nature, are embosomed far into the unfathomable avenues of the human soul; they usher each essence of being into its proper channel; and they unfold from the gentle offspring the mighty arch-angel.

The external universe is like a vast wheel, whose axis is nature, and whose mechanical powers are the mighty forces of Deity. And within the vast mechanism of human nature, there are an innumerable number of minute wheels which, when the main one is set in motion, revolve upon the axis of immortality, which continually throws off the gross emanations of the material world; and the immense workmanship is more complete. Their velocity of progression is regulated by the mechanical and anatomical principle of God; and their movements are strictly governed by the onward development of the soul.

The soul is a wheel which revolves around the mighty fabric of nature, hourly increasing in spiritual velocity. The human mind is a network filled with eternal fibers, tissues, and functions, each function performs its respective office; and nature changes its form of refinement by the higher powers which actuate atoms of inanimate matter into immortal, eternal, and immutable life. From the deep mysterious caverns of the universe of the soul, there are, rolling in profound mutterings, inherent intelligences which long to bask in the sunlight—eternity's bright morn.

The deformities of the outer form, can only be attributed to the disobedience of the natural laws of physical anatomy. The soul cannot be deformed; but its faculties may be crushed by the withering influence of the human destiny; and when it passes on, to the world of superior life and intelligence, it bursts forth in all its splendor, and begins to realize that the flowers, minerals, and vegetables are the true chapters and sentences which prove the infiniteness and glory of the Supernal Author. And who can destroy these living emblems of eternity? The gross nature may crush the outer form beneath the soil in which it is nourished; but where has the inherent life of these natural beauties gone? Is it forever annihilated, because man has thus decreed that annihilation shall be its destiny? What whisperings are those, oh! mortal, which come from the inmost soul, when you have crushed or injured a living object of nature? What power melts your stubborn nature into tenderness, when you have wronged a human heart? Is it the echo of human passion, ringing through the outer chambers of your nature? or is it an angel-voice of one who, though not seen by the external vision, hovers around you when your mind is excited by passionate emotions, saying, in soft and sweet accents, "subdue your sensual nature, and learn to live to do good, and you will worship the Infinite One"? Why do those well-springs of your eternal nature gush forth, and spontaneously harmonize with the out-gushings and ingushings which come forth in boundless volumes from the fountain-head of all Deistic joy? Why do the outer founts of your complicated being, play in unison with the innumerable life-springs within, and give verbal and visible utterances of the true qualifications of the human spirit? Are not all these combined elements a speaking forth of the living facts of Omnipotence, and which give eternal expressions of the spirit-land? Are they not the living actions and harmonies, which move along the chords of being, whispering in their melody, of the friends who sit upon the shores of Immortality, chanting their evangel anthems to the yearning hearts of those who are fast following them to their unerring and never ending destiny? Are the affectional springs of their spirits closed to the heartfelt appeals of their earthly friends; or are they unlocked, to send forth their divine influence to cheer and sustain the pilgrims of materiality?

Their souls are lingering around the pauper's lowly hut, and the monarch's costly palace. They are wherever duty calls them; and through divine instructions, are striving to cast from the earth all wrong social and intellectual laws; to establish the strong foundation upon which may be based the social happiness of every human spirit. Their relations to you are still firm as the laws of God are immutable. The relation of the natural universe to the spiritual universe—the relation of the human spirit to the immortal soul—to God—to every empire of anatomical creation, and uncreated matter, are all firmly linked together, by the motional and physiological principles which ultimate all things into their definite forms and proper uses.

M *** F ***

For the Age of Progress.

MR. EDITOR: I was in conversation, the other day, with an intimate friend, whom I consider as honest and upright as any man of my acquaintance. He has received a collegiate education, and is naturally of a sound and strong mind. He, however, gave me to understand that if he was as sure of future happiness as he was that God changed His purposes, in answer to the fervent prayer of a righteous man or woman, he would be perfectly satisfied, as to futurity! To this proposition I am inclined to submit a few remarks, which I have written on the subject.

The Bible tells us that God is without variableness or shadow of turning; which I believe is as true as that there is a God in heaven; yet I believe in the progression of nature, and that God is nature, according to the Bible; for that book says that God is all in all, and above all. Now I ask, (if you believe the Bible to be true, as I am sure you do,) if you will have the goodness to point out to me anything

in nature that is not a part of God; for God is declared to be all in all, that does exist. Yet God is without variableness or shadow of turning.

I am told that God answers prayer. I am told that God does alter or change his purposes, on account of the fervent and effectual prayer of the righteous man or woman. Now, I ask, is there no mistake in this idea? Is there not some misunderstanding of men, through their ignorance of the perfect laws of nature? To be sure, in some instances, we feel blessed with a perfect answer to our devout prayers. God has done for me what I anxiously desired Him to do for me, and I am exceedingly thankful and happy in the result.

Now, according to my spiritual understanding, we are led much by impressions, given us by our friends that have left the body, and gone into another sphere of existence. So, in order to illustrate my ideas, I must refer again to the laws of nature, in which I perceive progression, but no change. God has so wisely arranged all things that all nature goes on according to His eternal law of cause and effect; so it is impossible for man to counteract the law of God, and sin against him.—Man, in all respects, goes according to the laws of nature. So, if he sin, he sins against himself alone; not against God. He offends not God, for God is love and cannot be offended by man. If a man should take a hammer and smash his finger, he would suffer the consequences: God would not suffer, or be offended, for it would be in perfect accordance with his eternal law, that if a man does wrong he shall suffer for so doing. Man in such case, runs counter to the law, which was intended for his benefit, and yields obedience to another law, which produces pain. One of nature's laws is as immutable as another. His vicious nature is the cause of his transgression, and the pain he endures is the effect. Has not some undeveloped spirit, who has not entirely forgotten his mischievous propensities, influenced him to do that foolish or wicked act?

Again, when you pray to God to prosper you in something that your heart very much desires, is it not possible that your guardian angel, knowing what you need, impresses it upon your mind to ask God for the very thing he intended, by the arrangement of his eternal purposes or laws, should take place at that particular time and place? We are inclined to think (and I believe the Bible so decides) that God knows, from the beginning, the time and nature of all coming events. So, what change has he made in his laws, by answering your prayer, according to your request at that particular time? This view of things leads me to think that many prayers are satisfactorily answered without the least change of God's laws; and thus all nature progresses without variableness or shadow of turning.

The Bible says, God repented that he made man; and again, it says God is not man, that he should lie, or the son of man, that he should repent. Now, if we take these, with many other similar passages, in a literal sense, we shall find many contradictions and apparent changes in God's laws and purposes. So, if we are to understand these things literally, what a confused world would it make of this. God must change his purposes one way for one man, and the opposite way for another man; because they are both righteous and pray fervently in direct opposition to each other.

God's laws for good and evil, for pain and pleasure, are, in this life, like two parallel lines. If we follow the one that leads to good, it creates a heaven in us that will endure forever; and if we take the one that leads us to evil, it creates a hell in us that will torment us daily, and will continue with us in another sphere, until, by the redeeming principle of repentance and aspiration, we are divested of our evil propensities, and set upon the beautiful highway of upward and onward progression.

Yours, truly,

SETH WHITMORE.

Lockport, October 25, 1855.

Physical, Spiritual and Human Anatomy.

We received from the spirit of Professor E. C. DAYTON, through the mediumship of Mrs. BROOKS, a series of lectures on physical, spiritual

From the amethystine bowers of the human heart, there are little branches extending far away into eternity—there taking root and producing the Amethyst* of heaven, the Amaranth of eternity, and the Rose

Why should not the immortal mind heed the earnest and sincere pleadings of the immortal heart, when its life-blood is nearly exhausted by the wounds received by an erring and misguided brother? Indeed, the spirit-world would possess but feeble attractions, if, along the chords of creation, there vibrated no silvery accents of celestial friendship. It would be like a foreign stranger—unknown and not appreciated according to its value. The outer world is a telescope, through which the facts of God and eternity are viewed. The soul is a double lens, which does not untruthfully magnify the infiniteness and immutability of God and his immediate creation. The outer world holds the same relation to the spiritual world, as does the human soul to the Eternal Spirit.

The spiritual empire of being is changeable from the established truth and law of an eternal progression. Progression unfolds development; development brings forth spiritual refinement; and, again, we have three distinct powers, yet one in unity and harmony. And thus might we trace, from the minutest particle which floats in the ocean of uncreated matter, to the stupendous vortex of sensation, and find millions and millions of individualities, yet one in harmony of principles; and why? because there is an eternal chain connecting these individualities, whose links are the atoms of intelligence, and the particles of unformed creation. Thus every substance of nature is a stepping-stone to development and eternity; and the mighty mechanism of God moves each world in its methodical and indestructible movement, and is the divine, impulsive heart, which pulsates every creation with life and motion, immutable and everlasting.

The spiritual universe is one unto which all the objects of divine creation are tending. It draws towards its mighty Center all the refined elements and individualized essences and qualities of man. It is the immutable magnet of infinite attraction, whose gravitations and polarities are the reflected rays of supreme development, which spontaneously radiate from the Original Vortex of all tangible and unknown causes. The anatomical laws and formative principles amplify and ultimate the powers of the soul, to their proper and natural uses. The functional law adapts the powers of the inner self to the outer form, and thus the physical and spiritual man are made to harmonize, by the inherent forces established throughout the vast empire of physical and spiritual constructions.

Spirit acts upon matter, and unfolds constructions of nature, according to their definite uses. The planetary world was constructed upon the anatomical, physiological and functional laws of constituted and animated matter. This is the planetary anatomy of the solar system; and the natural sun, as it from these laws originated, reflects its bright rays through the crystal drops which fill the clouds and produce prismatic colors, and a rainbow spans the distant heavens, all in harmony with the infinite order and arrangement of the vital laws of created constitutions. The natural laws of anatomy and physiology, form the vital powers of the human construction, through their appropriate chan-

* On suggesting to the spirit-lecturer that the name here applied to a member of the Floral family, might induce criticism, inasmuch as, with us, it pertained exclusively to a subject of the mineral kingdom—it was answered: "We have a flower, which we distinguish from all other flowers, by calling it the *amethyst*; and it is the most beautiful flower of Eternity, from the fact that it contains every hue and shade of color, and glows with the most beautiful and delicate tints imaginable."

of immortality; and they grow in harmony together, though differently constituted, and are three, yet an unity. And so should it be with man; he should not hang like a sickly flower upon its natural stem, fading and drooping, before matured by the uncongenial influences of the world in which he resides; but he should be like the three flowers—beautiful, and separate individualities, but one in universal unity and harmony.

nels, and the inherent law of motion intensifies and ramifies every artery of the constitutional natures of man, and the constitutional natures of the physical world.

Physical anatomy and planetary anatomy are combined, and constitute one distinct law, though their appropriate uses in the world of creation produce constitutions unlike. Motion, or spirit inherent in matter, is controlled and governed by this anatomical law; and the motional law develops the object, according to the degree of refined development it manifests, while in the condition of created formations. This process of anatomical development, may find its definite affinity of polarity in the unfolding powers of an animated human organization; and if so, the motional law will elaborate the definite constitution into its proper form; and thus will it continue to operate, until it has exhausted the vital anatomical forces of the physical form. Then it passes on into a higher organization, while the old body of inanimate matter dissolves itself into the primary elements of its finite existence, and goes out to assist in the constructions of new physical organizations. It may, again, find its point of gravitation and concentrated attraction, in the ultimating processes of the planetary, geological, vegetable, and chemical world. And, if so, it will develop forms exclusively adapted to those realms of created existence, constantly throwing off undeveloped and unrefined matter, and supplying its once appropriate place, with higher forms of superlatively refined matter. And thus these vital laws of nature's economy, carry all existence forward to the higher actions of Deity; and the vacuum is supplied by other forms of nature, springing into physical existence. And we may commence, from the minutest undeveloped atom, swimming in the ocean of immensity, and trace to the next higher, until we have travelled through all the darkened and brighter vistas of existence, until we reach the highest essences of Deity; and we would forever find the anatomical physiological, functional, motional, sensational, and affectional laws of nature, working their way through the arteries of each atom of constitutional matter; and constantly throwing off, in their mighty and specific revolutions, new forms of complicated being; and still passing on, from the physical world, to the world of immortality; and still elaborating their spirit into nobler forms of constitutional creation.

And these laws of the wondrous and incomprehensible connecting forces of the outer universe, with the inner world of infinite intelligence, connect man with the worlds which move in order and arrangement and with Deific principles, which move in the vast realms of infinite construction. They connect his nature with the geological, chemical, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, which surround him; and he realizes, with his external senses, the fact, that his inmost nature cannot be confined and exclusively adapted to these various animated kingdoms of nature; but that there are God-like principles in the soul, which seek for their like attraction and development; and when they have attained a still higher point of refinement, they still seek their higher affinities.

Then, is it not clearly elucidated, that the two worlds of being—one spiritual and the other physical—are held in eternal relation, by the infinite laws inherent in constitutional matter, or nature? Every principle and element of being has its adapted and appropriate uses; and every thing in the physical world, has a definite and specific relation to the spiritual world. They are all gravitating to the same concentrated point of existence, and cannot be thrown off from their true progressive course, by the velocities of material transgression.

The planetary worlds hold a specific relation to the soul of man; and their finite powers are connected with the infinite powers of the soul; and thus there is established a harmonious connection forever, which time can never rend asunder, for they are cemented together by the infinite order of divine justice.

Physical anatomy is exclusively adapted to the constitution of matter which is ultimated into human organizations, by the voluntary and involuntary forces of spirit, or the Deific principles acting upon these human forms; and when nature has its true course, all physical organizations are physically perfect, and they draw from the Universal Heart of Creation, the life-elements of their existence.

and human anatomy, which we published in the first volume of the *Age of Progress*, and which we are requested to republish in the present volume. Let men of science read them and consider them critically, and then tell from what source an unlearned girl receives them, when she is alone in her room, pointing to the alphabet and writing down the letters indicated by raps on the table. The intelligence from which these lectures come, claims to be the spirit of one who, in his earth life, was a Professor of anatomy. Is this not true? Or will the reader rather believe that they come from the mind of the girl, who does not understand even the terms of the sciences, used by the lecturer? Let reason exercise its legitimate function, and we shall have no fear for the result.

There are two worlds: one is the material world, through which pervades undeveloped and spiritual matter. The other is a universe which is capable of sustaining the highest degree of spiritually refined mind and matter. There are also two forms which the spirit inhabits. One is the physical or original organization, the other is the spiritual form. These forms are not unlike. The spiritual form contains the highest sublimation of matter. There are laws equally magnanimous governing both of these forms. Each has an anatomy of itself. There are various functions in the human organization, performing its material work developing and sustaining the beauty of human life. The brain is the seat of the mind; the heart the main-spring of life. In the spiritual form mind and eternalized matter are the propelling forces of spiritual life.—The mind is the heart, or the centre of life, in the eternal organization. Matter is a power that gives action and force to the mind. It is constantly being thrown from higher spheres or loftier minds, developing and unfolding the faculties of the spirit. The spirit, when born into the new life, has its form created as the child has when it enters the earthly life. The only dissimilarity existing between the two, is this: the spiritual organization is much more sublimated and perfect. It is composed of the refined matter emanating from an immortal world. The human form partakes of undeveloped matter of an unrefined sphere, or from the animal kingdom.

The substance of which the human constitution partakes and requires, is analyzed and appropriated by the digestive functions and gastric fluid, and goes to create new muscles, nerves and arteries. The sublimated portion goes to constitute the spiritual principle, which gives action, motion and illumination to the entire organization of the mind and body. The lungs and heart are the centre of human life. The brain is a medium through which life and intellect are manifested. There is an eternal harmony wrought by the hand of God, existing throughout the physical structure. Every artery and function of the human body blends and performs its natural work from harmonious principles, unless the great physiological law of nature has been violated. If that eternal principle which governs the physical structure and adds beauty to human life, has been violated, then the constitutional susceptibility creates within itself a nervousness and impatience, disturbing the elements of the spiritual principle, and thus the hand of disease crushes the natural powers of intellect, preventing the development of wisdom; and the passional forces flow through whatever channel surrounding influences may attract them to. This is the great obstruction to the pure and thorough refinement of the human spirit.

The inexhaustable material composing the spiritual organization, is matter. The all-sustaining principle of the spiritual form, is nature.—There is a law, universal and eternal, governing, unchangeably, both mind and body. The mind is the centre of spiritual life. Its all-absorbing principle is the natural workings of harmony, created by a divine mind. Every atom which goes to constitute the spiritual form, is drawn together by nature; and the spirit, after leaving the material form, never disorganizes nor changes into another; for nature never changes its laws. Thus it is that, in heaven, the mind can range through the universe of God, and eternally retain its beauty and glory.

Does the spirit undergo a change analogous to its transition from the physical structure? All forms were created from anatom-

ical and physiological laws. Every structure is composed of matter, and matter is substance. Now, when the spirit leaves the human form, it is, by an anatomical process, separated entirely from the form. It, the spirit, separates itself from the earthly sphere. After the spirit is freed from its gross materiality, it inhabits another structure analogous to the human body. The matter constituting the spiritual form, has the same degree of development corresponding with the mind. And now, instead of the spirit separating itself from this physiological body, in order to dwell in the next sphere higher, the body throws off the undeveloped matter, which is inanimate to the condition of that development which the mind aspires to.

As the mind progresses in sublimation and development, so does the body. As the mind throws off its undeveloped matter, as it becomes more sublimated, so does the spiritual structure which mind inhabits, throw off, by anatomical principles, the inanimate matter pervading it. Now, this is a change analogous to the change of the mind from the physical or human system. The difference existing between the two changes or separations, is this: The spirit, by physiological principles, established by God, separates itself from the human form. After the spirit takes up its abode in a spiritual structure, instead of the mind separating from that form, the undeveloped matter is disorganized from both body and mind, and goes to constitute other physical structures.

Upon the same method of organization, creations originate from anatomical laws; and as they progress in refinement, the undeveloped matter thrown off in their progression, goes to form minerals; and by geological process, these minerals also become more and more sublimated.—Every thing in creation has an anatomy. The mind has an anatomy. The body has an anatomy. Nature has an anatomy. The spiritual structure has a cerebral organization analogous to the human brain. When mortals hear, their hearing is produced through an organ of hearing. So with tasting and seeing. Now, the mind, after becoming immortalized, hears from an immutable law of perception; and this law, being characterized by harmony, action and perception feeling, seeing and tasting are produced by the same universal principle.

The spirit, though its form is analogous to the human form, does not hear by an organ through which hearing is produced; but when it hears by perception. Nor does the spiritual form, or the spirit, require such sustenance to impart strength and vitality, as the mind in the human body requires. Wisdom and purity are the sustaining principles of the immortal mind. Hearing, seeing, tasting and feeling, are produced by the law of perception. When a spirit of a higher sphere wishes to speak with one of a lower sphere, it is not necessary for the one spirit to find the other and talk face to face; but by the law of perceptive attraction—by natural intuition, the higher spirit can attract the mind of the lower; and by a mental telegraph, can gain the information required. And in this manner, or by this method, thoughts are conveyed from God to the next development, and so on, until they are carried to their destined objects. This is what we term mental telegraphing, by perceptive attraction.

In tracing the planetary system, we find one planet that holds intercourse with immortal minds, by the telegraphing of mentality. This planet is Saturn. The organization of this planet, is much more harmonious and beautiful than your planet, Earth. The law of harmony exists there; and the minds dwelling in that universe being much more sublimated than earthly minds, they have observed the laws of nature and God; and they seek for wisdom and find it. Hence, the law of wisdom governs their actions. The inhabitants occupying this world, have passed the meridian of iniquity. They are much more perfect in form than the inhabitants of any other planet. On this planet, mind blends with nature, and nature responds to every wish, and awakens still greater desires for wisdom and knowledge. Hence, it earnestly endeavors to discern the rich mines of wisdom that lie buried in the immeasurable depths of eternity.

We also find a connective attraction existing between all planets,

each having its corresponding attraction to the spirit world. And now, however strange it may appear to you, there will be, as mind develops, a communication established between the minds of Earth and the minds of other planets. Before a free and undisturbed intelligence is communicated from the departed spirit to the earthly spirit, there must be a free intercourse existing between Earth and those planets farther advanced in development. Minds inhabiting the planet Saturn, know, from intuitive perception, the condition of other planets. The spirit land and every out-creation, or planet, must be governed by the grand laws of order, wisdom and harmony, before a true and definite knowledge of the human spirit's future destiny shall be clearly understood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lecture No. 2, by Lovisa Buck.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

THE HUMAN AFFECTIONS.

The brook in its crystal bed doth leap to praise its Originator, by moving on in the scale of material being. The flower doth burst forth from its mother earth, and open its long closed petals, to the rays of the natural sun, and to receive the dew-drops from above, and it goes on in its primal beauty, until nature has its true course, and the outward flower fades from the external gaze. All is out-spoken and out-gushing praise of the infiniteness and eternal wisdom of God.

The little stars and worlds of being which form a part in the constitution of immutable things, work in the ways of wisdom, and their stupendous mechanism in all its mysterious and undefinable revolutions and movements, is but a wondrously manifested praise of the ever living Cause and Center of all things.

The little stone which slumbers in repose at the bottom of the stream, as it ultimately becomes a rock in all its multifarious arrangements, doth but utter the praise of the Supernal Oneness.

The animal has instinctive attractions for some especial kingdom on earth, where to live. Some gravitate towards the forest; some to the desert, and some to the verdant hills and valleys which spread far and wide over earth's limited expanse. And all of these various mechanisms of creation are constitutionally united. They are governed by the same inherent and eternal laws and deific principles; and all objects of material birth, in all their progressive movements, are but scientific utterances of those divinities inherent in matter, which originally came from God; and the human soul has its ten-thousand affinities for the various kingdoms of infinite science, and its faculties reach out to probe far into the never ending future.

The soul is a substance of itself; its structure is based upon indestructible and eternal matter, and it is moved by the mechanical powers and forces which are forever established in it, from its eternal birth to its eternal life, or destiny. It has its multitudinous imperfections, as well as its various qualities of inherent worth; and it is only attracted to material things by the external senses. The inner senses are magnets of inner attraction; and while they repulse all physical sin, the external senses are needles which point and attract the soul to external observances and circumstances.

The legitimate offices and dignified understanding of the human spirit, may be more definitely analyzed by the external senses, in co-operation with the inner intuition. Reflection is a deific attribute, and is but feebly exercised by the human will. Impulse of the heart prompts minds to act, while intuitive reflection lies latent in its region of development, yet waiting to be evolved by the will-force of nature's onward course. And through all these departments of nature, there are affinities springing from the interior bosom of every animated thing relating all things in unity, by the powers of God.

And what is affinity? Its component parts are affection, attraction, wisdom, and immortal understanding. True affinity, of itself, is eternalized affection, possessing dignified and specific understandings; and the soul above is controlled and developed by its inherent affinities.

Then it is conclusive that every object of outer nature, possesses attractions. The human soul loves the stars, the trees and flowers; and why? Because the soul's affinities are drawn towards these departments of nature; and as well might you strive to throw earth off of its true axis, as to break asunder those strong affinitized attractions of the human mind.

Passion is a separate faculty from affinity, and likewise has its outer attractions. It may be easily roused to action by some attractive object; but this is of only momentary duration, while the soul's affinity goes out among the unfathomable departments and hidden recesses of created nature, to revel in the enjoyments of pure spiritual affection, and is forever indestructible.

Mind inherits inclinations from its birth. Some inclinations are originated by constitutional tendency, from earthly parental sources, while others are received from its heavenly Father, and are eternal. In selecting associates, instead of the true inherent affinity, or affection of the soul, being the centre of attraction, the love and enjoyment of the human spirit is often based upon human passion, or human events. The soul, it is true, is not ushered into the world a passive creature, with no springs of action, no powers of attraction or repulsion, and with no understandings or trance-like perceptions, into which may flow, at the exercise of the human will, good or evil. It is not a vessel of emptiness, which may be filled with joy or sorrow, or good or evil. Nor is it a mechanism upon which the human mind may play at its will; but to-day demonstrates that mind is an individualized organization of itself, an ultimate development of universal matter and universal spirit, and the most perfect embodiment of matter and spirit in the immeasurable universe, except Deity. And if it be conceded—and science compels this concession—that man is the highest intelligence of organized matter in the stupendous system of nature, he cannot be a passive being at his birth, destitute of impulsive attraction. His affectional affinities are manifested in infant tenderness and childish simplicity; and it draws from its mother's bosom a corresponding affectional affinity. The child, or babe, has understanding; for it perceives, from its instinctive being, that its parent is offended or pleased. And this understanding is based upon the affectional powers or qualities of its soul. Affection, or true affinity, drew together the constituents of its compound being; affection first diffused through its system the elements of finite existence, and nature gave it birth while the affectionate tenderness of its pure little soul were manifested. Love, or affection, stole from its little being, and entered the hearts of those surrounding friends. True affinity then actuated its being, but social conservatism, at a riper age, controls the affection, and the soul dare not be governed exclusively by its own true affections.

But let not the soul shrink from the legitimate conclusions to which truth conducts it. Under the powerful and constant direction of divine laws, we perceive the unbroken and perpetual tendency of all essences and substances towards unity and perfection. Outer nature points the soul up to the eternal Mind, who instituted laws that manifest themselves through its unfoldings, and urge us to consider and re-consider the mysterious mechanism reaching from invisible and inanimate matter to the eternal Center.

The entire foundation of nature, or creation, is based upon the absolute indestructibility of matter, giving man a tangible individuality which constitutes the external duality of the Positive Mind. From the eternal gravitating point and fertile womb of each planet, rudimentary particles ascend, and they accumulate, condense, refine, purify, and form new worlds in the planetary kingdom of life and existence. They undergo anatomical processes, and become actuated into life, by the mechanical powers of constituted nature. And why were these particles evolved from a conglomerated mass, originally, and why are they now large and expanded universes, capable of sustaining human life? By the law of affinitized attraction, were they unfolded, and now, stand in the stellar system, glorious worlds of infinite duration. Attraction or affinity, still draws them on to something higher, and to noble realms of divine refinement.

The affections are complicated; and according to the spirit's onward development, are their affinities measured. Nature individualizes the man, and the man individualizes the spirit; hence spirit can exist independent of the physical body; for the same unchangeable and eternal laws operate uniformly everywhere, and at all times. Affection, once wisely and spiritually connecting souls together, such affection exists through all time and space.

Motion is the first manifestation of mind, while sensation is the first manifestation of life. Nature is finite and passive, while God is infinite and active. The infinite elements are the flowers of all development, and the outer organization of nature is the dormitory of all that exists unfolded in the great sensorium. God is intimately related to everything—material or spiritual, perfect or imperfect—that exists in the boundless empire of his own existence; nor can there exist any positive antagonism to the mighty whole; for all things are in connection with God, and cannot be severed from Him. From the vortical sensorium of all intelligence, there come innumerable fountains of causation and mighty beginning principles; and all these divine elements are filled with powerful affinities and affections.

Some minds are attracted towards the architectural grandeur and magnificence of the sidereal heavens; and while lost in the interminable labyrinths of planetary grandeur and formation, the soul will raise its tiny voice and earnestly interrogate: Who made the whole superstructure of nature so ineffably harmonious? And this interrogation flies on trembling wing, from orb to orb; and a voice from the invisible world responds, that order, form, and harmony, are the divine expressions and impressions of Infinite Wisdom. And these numberless firmaments of the stellar departments of creation, are held immutably together, by celestial or true affinity. Inherent affection brings them together in unity and divine perfection. Some affections of the soul are stronger in some minds than in others. There are those who may stand in the presence of some glorious scene, upon which are portrayed the glories of ten thousand worlds, which reflect their magnificence upon their souls perpetually; and yet they would not perceive one single thing that moves continually around them; nor can they read one single expression of the divinity of God, in the scene. Passion, in such instances, actuates the being, instead of true spiritual affinity; it being the governing element of the mind.

All anatomical developments are incontestable demonstrations that spirit, or the formative deific principle, existed prior to their external constitutions. Oriental teachings, or the theological biblical theories, are, or were, but an incarnation of the religious sentiment, as the idols of the pagan, in unmecanical ages, were the first grand architectural principles immanent in man. And through all the infinite fields of knowledge and wisdom, we find attraction or affinity to be a vital element, or law, in all demonstrated nature. Echo cries out from its cavern of reverberated sound; the solemn forest lifts its head; and the brooklet leaps from its transparent depths, to prove that there is a God; and that everything in the departments of nature, are connected and drawn together by inherent affection, or true celestial affinity.

As the silvery grains of sand unite, and as the blinding sand sweeps around over the desert's barren waste, in everything man beholds his own image reflected back. As the breeze sweeps the crystal depths of outer nature, and as passion meets in human fight, all is evidence of a power which lies back of all outward demonstrations, and proclaims there is a God. Time is pregnant with the archangel's smile and with eternity. The mournful cadence of sin and sorrow, like the wind-harp's touching wail, sweeps over the earth as troubled visions sweep over the human breast. Affection seeks its like affinity, and the world at large scorns that which is spiritual; and the shouts of oppressed misery ascend to where the songs of heavenly joy are forever heard.

The bird of the proud Andes, that can soar to the thunder's home, and through heaven's unfathomable depths, has no chains to bind its rushing pinions; but the human soul, in its proudest aspirations, is held back and retarded by material bondage. Its holiest affections are

deadened by human conservatism, and its real worth and virtue are never appreciated on this side of the infinite world.

The meager chronicles of ancient times, are filled with bloody battles; and at the present—though civilization has set its seal upon the national glory of America and other lands, yet to-day will chronicle still greater battles, and these are the revolutions of truth, and their battles with human error. The germ of intellectual resurrection is deeply planted in the soul, to explore truth through its material and mental labyrinths.

Yours,

LOVISA BUCK.

For the Age of Progress.

MR. ALBRO:—Allow me to say, through your columns, that there are some men who occasionally attend our Sabbath meetings, evidently for the purpose of disturbing them. I saw three men on Sabbath evening, in the ante-room of the hall, deporting themselves in a very ungentlemanly manner; talking with loud voices, using profane language, and striding from side to side of the room, making their boot-heels sound on the floor as much horse-like as possible. One of them, you will perceive, is an officer of the corporation. Another has held a position in the city which now but an orderly man and a gentleman should hold; and the third either now holds, or has held, the same position.

There was another similar set, standing within the hall door, who talked and laughed aloud and continually, during the service; and though respectfully requested to behave in an orderly manner, or leave the hall, they persisted defiantly, and refused to depart peaceably. One of these was addressed by name, and told that he must desist or be forcibly ejected from the hall. He left the hall; and, instantly, on his departure, the gas was turned off, leaving the whole congregation in the dark. The gentleman who had spoken to him, stepped nimbly to the angle of the ante-room, where the meter stands, and caught him there. I give you all the names of these men, with full liberty to make them public if you choose to do so, and call on me for evidence of the truth of what I allege.

Respectfully Yours,

A MEMBER OF THE HARMONIAL ASSOCIATION.

REMARKS.

We thank our correspondent for the information he has communicated, and shall use the discretion he gives us in making names public. It is now on the eve of our city election; and, should we make these names public now, those of them—or the *one* of them—who will run in the race for office, would be glad to attribute the exposition to a political motive. We shall therefore suppress the names for the present; but shall retain them, together with the names of necessary witnesses, to be forth-coming to the public on a future occasion. Their conduct will doubtless be repeated; for men who have no more goodness, honor, or sense, than to thus disturb a religious meeting, will not be wise enough to take warning by these hints.

As respects the man who turned the gas off, leaving the congregation in the dark, his case will be made public by legal procedure. There are two others who have done the same thing, on previous occasions; and—though they may flatter themselves that the Association are drowsy on the subject—they have been identified, and will be attended to.

Let those men who should be gentlemen, beware how they again deport themselves, in that hall, as they did on Sabbath evening last. They know the person who conducts this journal too well to flatter themselves that their names will be withheld from the public, if they repeat the ungentlemanly conduct of which they were guilty. That hall, on the Sabbath, is occupied by a religious society, in the service of Almighty God, according to the dictates of their consciences; and they believe,—nay, they *know*,—that they are joined in their devotional exercises by the spirits of friends who have preceded them to the second state of existence. Men and women, thus believing, thus knowing,

and thus devotional, are not inclined to use physical force to defend themselves and their rights, against incendiary acts or intentional disturbances. They are citizens of a free country, whose laws, organic and statutory, guarantee to them the right to serve God according to their own convictions of duty; and to those laws they intend to appeal for protection.

We have no desire to make public the names which have been given us, in connection with the disturbances complained of. Some of them we have long known; and, in charity, plead for them, that they must have been under the influence of strong potations, or they could not have so conducted.

Far be it from us to charge this base conduct to the direct influence of the denouncing clergy of this city. We do not believe that one of them would desire their adherents to thus disgrace themselves and the community of which they are members. But we will suggest to them the propriety of looking into the case, when they are alone to their own reflections, to ascertain how much of this spirit of incendiaryism has been the indirect consequence of their bitter, unmerited, and unchristian denunciations. They understand their own influence upon the immoral portion of their congregations.

They know that the belligerent feeling which they manifest, in their pulpit tirades against spiritualists, reach the ears and stimulate the incendiary spirits, of their rum-imbibing and law-defying supporters, through more cautious and discreet media, if not directly. When these hear a society of people denounced as worthy only of scorn and execration, and that by one who stands in "the holy sanctuary," clad in the "livery of heaven," and claiming to be the representative of God, through Jesus Christ, they feel authorized to mete out to them the indignities which seem to be indicated in the denunciations.

Let those sanctimonious maligners of spiritualists, take heed how they excite the spirit of incendiaryism in the lawless mob. Spiritualists may be disturbed in their devotional exercises; but they have nothing tangible for the mob spirit to exercise its destructive prowess upon. When this spirit is aroused, nothing short of destruction will suffice to allay it; and nothing is more easy than for the excited demon to find some pretext for turning its violence against the approachable glass houses of the exciters.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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The progress of manifesting Spirits.

Spiritual manifestations are as much the result of science as is the elimination of the gases or the measurement of the heavenly bodies. The spirit who most thoroughly understands the science, and who is best provided with excarnate batteries and incarnate media, can make the most remarkable, satisfactory and convincing manifestations of spirit power, to the human senses. And continual observation, for the last five or six years, has proved to us that manifesting spirits progress from perfection to perfection, in the science of manifestation, continually.

One year ago, in Brooks' spirit room, with a mixed circle of believers and skeptics, numbering one dozen persons, it would require very favorable conditions to enable the spirits to produce even a few discordant sounds on the piano. Six months ago, nothing worthy of being called music, could be produced there, by the spirit of one who was an artist of great powers in his earth life, when there was a large circle of conflicting minds present, even though other conditions were favorable.

How is it now? Last Saturday evening, we made one of a circle of some twenty-five; many of whom never attended a spiritual circle before, and had no faith in the proposition that the phenomena of which they had heard and read so much, were produced by disembodied spirits. Besides this unfavorable circumstance, the room had been overheated during the afternoon and the fore part of the evening; and other conditions were unfavorable. Notwithstanding these difficulties, we had, in the latter part of the evening, one of the most beautiful concerts of music that mortal ear ever listened to, both instrumental and vocal.

In the fore part of the evening, the conditions not being such as to render it practicable for the spirit musician to perform on the instrument, we were treated to what the performers term the clock scene and the wreck scene. In the first of these performances, the clock is made to strike from two hundred to five hundred times; sometimes allowing the bell to give out its natural sound; and sometimes stopping the ring entirely, so that the strokes sounded as if they were made on a non-resonant substance. Sometimes the clock would be allowed to run, and then again it would be stopped. And it would stop and start at the bidding of any one present.

The wreck scene, is that of a steamship cast upon rocks and stove to pieces. The piano, in this scene, is made to give forth all the sounds of a gale of wind, the working of the steam engine, the rattling of the rigging, the crash of the vessel upon the rocks, and the breaking up of the hull. This scene is as terrible as the clock scene is amusing. Few ladies who never witnessed spiritual manifestations, have nerve enough to stand the terrific crashing of the scene.

After going through these preliminary performances, on the occasion above referred to, the large and heterogeneous circle became so harmonized in feeling, and the temperature of the room became so reduced, that the master musician gave notice, through the raps, that he would attempt to give us music. This announcement was received with much pleasure by the circle; and they promptly responded to the call of the spirit for singing; which he always requires as introductory to his more interesting performances. After playing a number of accompaniments to the pieces sung by the circle, he commenced a piece of his own composition; and, simultaneously, the spirit who had control of Miss Brooks, the medium, gave, through her organs, strains of melody which few vocalists in the flesh can equal, either in sweetness of tone, power of utterance, or precision of artistic execution. Though the instrumental part of this performance, would seem more astonishing to those who view spiritual manifestations as miraculous, it is no more wonderful than the vocal part, to those who are intimately acquainted with the medium, and know that she has never learned the first lesson in the science of music.

THE SAINTED DEAD.

They are our treasures—changeless and shining treasures. Let us look hopefully. Not lost, but gone before.

Lost only like the stars of the morning, that have faded into the light of a brighter Heaven. Lost to Earth but not to us. When the Earth is dark, then the Heaven is bright; when objects around become indistinct and invisible in the shades of night, then objects above us are clearly seen. So is the night of sorrow and mourning: it settles down upon us like a lonely twilight at the grave of our friends, but then already they shine on high. While we weep, they sing. While they are with us upon earth, they lie upon our hearts refreshingly, like the dew upon the flowers; when they disappear, it is by a power from above that has drawn them upwards; and though lost on earth, they still float in the skies. Like the dew absorbed from the flowers, they will not return to us; but, like the flowers themselves, we will die, yet only to bloom again in the Eden above. Then those whom the Heavens have absorbed and removed from us, by the sweet attraction of their love, made holier and lovelier in light, will draw towards us again by holier affinity, and rest on our hearts as before. They are our treasures—loving treasures—the sainted dead.

Belligerence of the Clergy.

We hear weekly accounts from thy numerous pulpits of this city, of labored lampoonings uttered against spiritualists, by the clergy of the various religious sects. Those teachers of the religion of Christ, seem to have very little of the nature of him whom they profess to represent. He taught charity towards all mankind, and exhorted all to love one another. Those his professed representatives, seem to be full of wrath, which they are constantly discharging at a class of people, in denunciations, on account of their religious faith, of which the denouncers know nothing. They divide the labor of denouncing and anathematizing spiritualists among themselves, that all the congregations may hear their violent denunciations, and fear to go where spirits manifest their presence.

What is the cause of all this hostility to spiritualism and spiritualists? Why do the clergy of those religious sects manifest such bitterness of feeling towards spiritualists? Are they worse neighbors, worse citizens, worse men and women, than they were before they received the philosophy of spiritual intercourse with mortals, as an established truth? On the contrary, are they not better men and women than they were before they were thus convinced? Let these indignant gentlemen of the cloth go among spiritualists who are really spiritualists, and see what their morals are. Let them see if they can find drunkards, gamblers, profane and obscene brawlers, or any other than orderly and well-deported persons among them. Let them visit those who, up to the time when they were convinced of the reality of spiritual intercourse, were dissolute in their habits of life, and see whether their conviction has produced any change for the better in their course of life. This, it seems to us, would be better than to shun them in the street, barely leering at them with one corner of the eye, and gathering wrath during the week, to be dealt out in tirades against them on Sunday.

This may all be genuine christian religion of the present age. We are aware that there has been a wonderful change in that article, since it was denounced by the priesthood of Judea, as spiritualism is now denounced by the priesthood of this country; but we had not calculated on such deterioration as is here presented. Why, the spirit which actuates these "Ministers of Christ," is identical with that which cried, in the court of Pontius Pilate: Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him! It is identical with that which compelled the condemned Jesus to carry the cross, on which he was to suffer a most horrible death, up the hill of Calvary, to the place of execution. It is identical with that which, when the expiring Saviour cried: "I thirst," presented him vinegar mingled with gall, instead of water. It is the same spirit which stoned Stephen, killed the prophets, imprisoned and beat the preaching Apostles, burnt John Rogers, strangled the Quakers in Rhode Island, and hung and drowned innocent women and young girls, at Salem. It is the same spirit of persecution which was rebuked by Gamaliel, when he warned the Jews to beware lest they should be found fighting against God.

But who shall presume to say that this is not all right? Indeed, we are almost persuaded to agree with POPE, that "Whatever is, is right." Whatever the principle may be which actuates these bitter-souled denouncers and traducers of spiritualists, their course will ultimate in good. They are necessary to hold back one class of persons, and to stimulate another class to investigation. Those who are governed by their dicta, are such ones as have no intellectual capacities to judge for themselves, to investigate dispassionately, or to guard them against the extreme of fanatical credulousness, which would take for indisputable truth all that would be told them by undeveloped spirits, who are as fond of falsehood and deception as they were when in the flesh. And their stormy denunciations and evident deep concern, for fear individuals of their flocks will stray away and get into the fold of spiritualism, operate upon capable and independent minds as stimuli to investigation. They see at once that the primary cause of these hostile manifestations, is the jeopardy in which their salaries are placed, by the prevalence of the spiritual gospel; and they farther see that the em-

phatic commands which they receive to stay away from the spiritual manifestations, are induced by apprehension that they will be convinced of their reality, and lose their taste for the eternal burning in hell fire which has so long been served up to them as Sabbath-day repasts. Such minds naturally desire to learn, by personal observation, what the peculiar flavor of the fruit is, the mere tasting of which is so imperatively interdicted; and they will be the more earnest and the more certain to investigate, the more emphatic and imperious the charge is to keep aloof. And these are the ones that elevated spirits desire to make instruments of, to aid them in the performance of their heavenly mission. They require independent minds as helpers. Slavery is not to their liking; especially that slavery of the soul which takes from the man the right of thinking for himself.

In this view of the case, we have no right to blame these persecutors for the course they pursue. They are, in all probability, one of the great variety of instruments which superior intelligences, under the guidance of Omnipotence, require to carry out the great plan of human redemption. That part of the harness of a draught-horse which is termed the breeching, is as necessary as any other part, in a hilly country; although one who never considered the dangers of go-ahead impetuosity, may not appreciate it. These denouncing clergy and their emulating adherents, may be considered the breeching which holds back the car of spiritualism, to save it from the dangers attending the impetus which it might otherwise gather. We can but hope they are constructed of material sufficiently tough to withstand the pressure, till the plane of sober discretion is reached. Then they may be deposited among the old broken gears in the carriage-house loft.

The Harmonial Hall.

On Sunday afternoon, the exercises at our Hall were of an interesting character. A highly scientific gentleman, from one of the eastern States, happening to be in the city, and feeling a profound interest in the investigation of the Spiritual phenomena, in their various phases, attended our Circle Meeting in the morning. Just at the close of the meeting a letter from the spirit of A. A. BALLOU—written through the hand of Miss CORA L. V. SCOTT—was presented to him, wherein he was invited to address the Association, in the afternoon, on the subject of the Spiritual Philosophy. To this the gentleman acceded, provided Mr. BALLOU would—speaking through Miss Scott—give a prelude to the address which he was to thus make, in compliance with such an unexpected request.

Accordingly, in the afternoon, on the commencement of our usual religious exercises, the medium was controlled by Mr. BALLOU, who gave a masterly and beautiful exposition of the natural principles which underlie the Spiritual Philosophy. The gentleman then followed with a scientific examination of the actual and phenomenal, in the existent relations of spirit and matter, which was deeply interesting. But the remarkable admission was made by the learned gentleman at the outset of his remarks, that he felt absolutely unable to shed any light upon the subject, after the clear and cogent illustration which had been given through the medium.

In the evening, a lecture on the "Instincts of Progress," was read by a member of the Association, when Miss SCOTT followed, in the abnormal state, with an amusing personation of a class of minds who pass their puny judgments upon the totality of Spiritualism, when in pitiable ignorance of the entire subject; at the conclusion of which, Mr. BALLOU offered through the same medium, a fervent and elevated prayer, of that remarkable beauty of style and lofty utterances which characterizes his sublime ascriptions to the Heavenly Father, followed by an address of great acumen and appropriateness to the class of individuals to whom it was directed.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day, grey and cold, [Jean Paul.]

For the Age of Progress.

FRIEND ALBRO: Dear Sir: While the spirits are giving indubitable evidences, in your prosperous city, and elsewhere, of their identity and presence, they are not altogether unmindful of even Batavians, for we, now and then, have a stirring test, in that line. I might recount many very convincing incidental demonstrations of spirit power, spirit wisdom, and the demonstrations that go most directly to convince the world of the utility and good spiritualism is designed to do. But I hardly think, considering the proverbial ultraism of the scribe, it would pay. Hence, I forego the task of multiplying evidences, and simply rehearse one of recent occurrence, in which I am particularly interested, myself, and have so attested. There is no escaping from the conclusion, that THE SPIRITS CARRIED MY LETTER TO NEW YORK!

The circumstances are these: My wife went to N. Y. city, Oct. 1st, somewhat deficient of the necessary finances, to transact all the business it was necessary for her to transact, pay her board, and get home.—Hence, it was arranged before her departure, that I was to collect \$200, buy a draft and send her, which I must do in time for her to get it by Friday noon. Being unwell on Wednesday, and the weather foul and raining, I, of course, collected no money. But Thursday, the weather being fairer, and I being considerable better in health, I made an urgent effort to get it, but got disappointed for the day, but was well assured I could have it on Friday morning. This made it necessary for me to write my wife a letter, to be received Friday noon, which I did Thursday at 12 o'clock precisely. Now, I am in the habit of taking with the spirits in manner as follows: I lay my head and arm, passively, in my lap, or upon the table, and ask my questions negatively or affirmatively, to which they respond (as I suppose, or am pleased to believe) by shaking my arm. On this occasion, after enclosing and directing my letter, I asked this question: Will the spirits please see my wife has this letter in time? I had an unusually hearty answer, in the affirmative, and felt very much pleased. But at this juncture my dinner bell rang, and our girls and myself were summoned to dinner, leaving the letter on my table, sealed and directed to my wife in N. Y., intending to put it in the Post Office, as soon as I had dined. But having a patient in Pembrook, who expected to have a visit from me the day before, I had an excessive desire to be on my way thither, which seemed to increase as I was eating. Consequently I rose from dinner, harnessed my horse, and left, forgetting the letter, and took no thought of it till 12 o'clock at night, while I was sitting up with my patient, in company with her husband, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, and told him what the spirit said, and, jokingly, remarked: "I guess they will have a good time getting it there."

I arrived home again about 9 o'clock, Friday morning, whereupon I met several decided reprimands for my forgetfulness in not mailing the letter before I went off, assuring me she (my wife) could not possibly get it now, under the circumstances, till Saturday noon. Where is the letter? I inquired! I was informed it was not discovered by any in the house till about 9 o'clock Thursday evening, too late an hour for any of our ladies to enter the streets; and, of course, it was left till Friday morning before it was mailed or carried to the Post Office, which I was informed at the moment, was done by a young man, a relative, in company with another young man about 8 o'clock. They were boarding at our house, and attending the Teachers Institute then being held here.

These are the facts concerning the letter this side of its reception in New York. There are five unimpeachable witnesses, three in my house, and two in the town of Bethany, who will make affidavit under oath, that the letter in question did not go till Friday morning as above stated, whenever called on to do so. And my wife affirms, knowingly she received it on Friday before dinner, which, if she did, and it went by mail, it must have gone in two hours and forty minutes, from Batavia to New York, which, of course no one believes. That she did receive it, and on Friday, I have abundance of proof. 1st. Her own testimony, which is just as good as gold, in this village. 2nd. The gentleman's written

testimony, to whose care it was directed. 3rd. I only wrote two letters and mailed one, myself, and she received both, and no more, and rehearses what I wrote exactly, without any prompting from me; and before she opened it.

Now, I want to ask our Bible friends, the christian world, this question: If they believe so devoutly, the angel did come down and roll away the stone from the sepulchre of Jesus, and Mary saw Him, why they can't believe the angel also carried my letter to N. Y., within thirty minutes, as they respond to me, seeing I have 7 living witnesses, who will attest the facts making out the case.

Yours very Truly,

Batavia Oct. 29th, 1855.

JEREMIAH DENSLAW.

VALUE OF POETS, ARTISTS, AND THINKERS.

"It is a blessing for a people to have among them great men, especially thinkers, poets, and artists, who enlarge the scope of thought, gratify and cultivate higher tastes, and stimulate to generous efforts by a glorious example. It is a happiness to have something of our own to admire and revere, something to inspire us with noble and disinterested emotion. A nation without intellectual guides and superiors, composed of mere workers in physical things for physical good—a people given up to ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality, with none among them to point the way to loftier objects—were a sorry sight. Foreign supply of thought is not enough. It is the home manufacture which arouses effort, and gives animation to industry. We cannot have the healthy influences of work, unless we work. The sweat of labor is wholesome, and honor is with those who fight the battle, not with those who idly enjoy the fruits of victory. Our race has added many names to the company of gifted spirits who have taught and delighted mankind, and doubtless, in these vast fields of promise to which it has been transplanted, the descendants of those among whom Shakspeare and Bacon lived and moved will prove their nobility of birth. Amid the dead materialism, the narrow-minded and ignoble devotion to coarse utility, the common-place and barren thought and talk, and the moral depravity of the day, indications are not wanting of a better and higher future. A national literature is springing up in the track of our prosperous industry, as the crowning harvest rises after the plough and the manure-cart—as the tasteful villa succeeds the log-cabin of the forest farmer. Men of genius are appearing among us—poets and philosophers who are slowly winning the ear of our own people, and who command the admiration of the fit audiences of Europe. Let us cherish them; for they are needed. They make the country healthy and habitable. They will do more for us in all true progress than farmers and engineers, than business men and practised men, than politicians and attorneys at law. They will yield nobler profits than railroads and telegraphs, and weave finer fabrics than the Lowell factories can turn out. A volume of history by Prescott, a novel by Hawthorne, a poem by Longfellow or Bryant, is of higher worth than a cotton or corn crop; and ingots of thought from Emerson's intellect are more precious than the gold of California."—*North American Review*.

ESCAPED THROUGH SPIRITUAL INTERPOSITION.

We are indebted to Bro. T. L. Harris for the following fact, who vouches for its entire accuracy as here related: The wife of a gentleman of eminence and respectability in New Orleans, walked out one morning to make some purchases for the use of her family. As she was passing along a street where some workmen were engaged in the removal of the walls of a building, and when directly in front of a wall that was still standing, she suddenly felt a strange hand grasp her by the shoulder, and vigorously pull her back some ten feet. She looked around to see who it could be who had presumed to treat her with such rudeness. She saw no one near; but on turning her eye upward, she saw the heavy brick wall falling directly before her. It fell with a tremendous crash, and had it not been for the interposition of this unseen hand, she would certainly have been covered up beneath its ruins.—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

Popular Estimate of Pres. Mahan's Book.

Those of our readers who have thought us under the influences of prejudice in our estimate of Pres. Mahan's work, and unjustifiably severe in our dealings with its author—if any such remain at the present writing—will find, by the perusal of the following extracts, that we stand not alone. These reviews, as will be seen, are all from the opponents of Spiritualism. The first appeared in *Putnam's Monthly*, for October, and the others are from prominent journals in New England—*New England Spiritualist*.

MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED.

Dr. Mahan of Ohio, has undertaken to give the finishing blow to the theories of the Spiritualists, as those people call themselves who ascribe the curious phenomena of rappings, etc., to an ultra-mundane origin. He requires nearly five hundred closely printed pages to do it in, but when the reader gets to the end of them, he feels that some light has been thrown upon the subject, or upon particular branches of it, but that, as a whole, the matter remains quite as involved as it was before. It should be stated however, that a great deal of the book has only a secondary connection with the principal theme, the first part, for instance, being taken up with a refutation of the rhapsodies of A. J. Davis, another with a proof of the divine origin of Christianity, and a third with a criticism of the claims of Swedenborg. What is said of Davis is superfluous; the argument in defence of the Scriptures has been a thousand times more ably given elsewhere; and the remarks on Swedenborg betray such an utter want of knowledge of the character of the man and his thoughts that they are almost worthless. We must express some surprise, therefore, that a writer of President Mahan's pretensions should, in the first place, waste his time and the reader's, in an exposure of Davis's absurdities which are certainly not of a nature to mislead anybody with a grain of mental sanity left, and in the second place, that he should, when he comes to grapple with a really formidable topic, like the system of the Scandinavian seer, be satisfied with so exceedingly superficial a view of it, discovering an ignorance of its first principles, and repeating, without inquiry, the statements of others no better qualified to speak than himself. What would be thought of a philosopher who, in attempting to estimate the schemes of Plato, Hegel, Coleridge, Comte, or any other great thinker, should first assume their mental hallucination, and then argue the case from that assumption? But such a proceeding is no fairer in the case of Swedenborg than it would be in that of any other speculator. He might be mistaken in his claims to a divine illumination, and yet be fundamentally correct in his theories or principles. We do not say that he was correct (for we are not able to decide so large a question), but we do say that his philosophy is a consistent whole, as much so as Plato's pagan philosophy, or Comte's positive philosophy, and ought to be judged of on its own merits, and not from our opinion of the author's psychological state. It is true he himself asserts a special authority for what he says, but an enlightened criticism ought to put that aside, and decide the value of the message by its contents. Had this been done we conceive that we might have had a much more impartial and satisfactory estimate of this wonderful mystic than any that has yet been written. Emerson, in his Representative Men, has characterized him from the Emersonian stand-point, and has, consequently, given us an instructive essay—far more interesting than any written from the extreme stand-points of those who accept him either as an infallible teacher, or as an unmitigated humbug.

As to Spiritualism itself, which is the proper subject of Dr. Mahan's book, he does not deny the facts of the case, but he endeavors to show, first, that similar or analogous facts arise from known mundane causes; second, that the so-called spirit-manifestations occur in circumstances in which such causes are known to act; and third, that such manifestations proceed from such causes, and not from the agency of disembodied spirits. These positions he illustrates with great ingenuity and force of reasoning, but assuming, as he does, the existence of Reichenbach's Odyllic Force, which has not yet been admitted by science, and neglecting certain alleged phenomena which cannot be accounted for on mesmeric grounds, his conclusions are not always convincing. To explain Spiritualism by mesmerism, clairvoyance, the odyllic force, etc., is to illustrate one dark subject by another quite as dark. Still, we think all these different manifestations throw light upon each other, and will, by and by, when the matter is taken up by a really scientific, and not a metaphysical mind, lead to a philosophical solution. The truth is, that at present there is too great a want of well-authenticated facts to warrant a safe generalization. The Spiritualists themselves are too credulous and excited, and too much taken up with their foregone hypotheses to be good reporters of facts, and the scientific men proper ignore the subject, just as they did or do phrenology, mesmerism, etc. In the mean time, this part of Dr. Mahan's book, or the much abler book of Dr. Rogers, on the same subject, may be read with profit by earnest and truth-seeking inquirers.

Mahan and the "PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTERIOUS AGENTS"—"What's in a name?" Shakespeare's Juliet asks. Enough to make the public mind insensible to great wrongs, if not an active abettor of them. As one instance;

Here comes Prof. Mahan, of Ohio, before the world with an explanation of the so-called "Spiritual Phenomena" of the present day. His explanation was accepted with acclamation by a large number who turned coldly and skeptically away from Rogers, "Philosophy of Mysterious Agents," which appeared nearly three years prior to this latter work, and which forms the entire basis of all that is valuable in Mahan's compilation.

Now, to the writer of this brief article, it is not of the least personal importance which reaps the honor and emolument—it is not a question of preference, but of absolute and indisputable Right. The future, that great adjuster of all mal-arrangements, will no doubt place the crown upon the brow of the rightful heir; but when a man has devoted himself for years

to a course of unprecedented labor and research—when he has sat down in poverty and obscurity to drain out his life-blood over the midnight lamp that the world may be wiser and he earn a noble fame, it is hard to see another, even in the present, revelling in the rewards which should have been munificently bestowed on the real worker.

We trust the public mind will ere long awaken from its delusion, and do justice, on the one hand to pompous pretension, on the other to rare intellectual merit.—VERITUS.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

That Spiritualism is becoming a power in the religious world, is evident from the production of this formidable volume against it—formidable, at least, in size—but in its tendency and effects it is a perfect godsend to Spiritualists. President Mahan admits the facts that occur in what is called spiritual intercourse, and attributes them, not to satanic agency, but to a polar or odyllic force, a certain mysterious something, not in the smallest degree made appreciable by any number of Greek names that may be given to it. The same unknown force he considers the source of clairvoyance premonition, witchcraft, and other like unsolved riddles of human experience. President Mahan has discussed the subject with great clearness and power, but leaves the reader just where he found him, so far as any explanation of the subject is concerned. He has certainly brought a stubborn array of facts going to show that ideas are communicated from mind to mind, under certain conditions, not only without word or sign, but without any act of the will, and irrespective of distance. So far as this may be true, it renders the theory of intercourse with spirits highly probable. The really weighty objection urged by him against Spiritualism, lies in the falsehood, triviality and unseeliness of the mass of the supposed spiritual communications, the genuineness of which we cannot admit without conceding that the future life is one of retrogression, instead of progress, of folly and disorder, instead of wisdom and harmony.—*Springfield, Mass., Republican*.

MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED.—Such is the attractive title of a 466 page book, by Rev. A. Mahan, President of the Cleveland University, that has been presented to us for a notice. Who has it for sale in this section we can't say; but if anybody sells it for what the paper was worth before printed, they will wrong the purchaser. We have scarcely met with a more superficial, irrational and baseless production in our wanderings among printed documents.

We have no love for what they call Spiritualism. It is a phenomenon that has always been known in some degree, but more especially shows itself now, from causes that we do not care to "explain or expose." If the revelations can be connected with spirits, they might serve the purpose of convincing infidels of spiritual existences separate from physical matter, but what they say or do, if they be spirits, is not of great importance beyond, since their revelations are often false, come from what source they may, and hence from no basis for faith or action. If we were left to judge of their being produced by spirits from the volume before us, we should certainly conclude that they were. He admits as facts all that believers claim—that substances can be moved without direct visible contact—that raps may be had, distinct and audible; and that intelligent answers may be obtained to verbal or mental questions. The whole ground assumed he yields, and then attempts an explanation. What is that?

To a great extent President Mahan here repeats what has been as well stated a hundred times before; and finally he comes to the grand secret of the matter—it is all caused by the "Odyllic force," which he says is a well-known cause that may produce all these effects.—Now certainly all ought to be satisfied; the mystery is exposed; it is the Odyllic force! But hark you; what is this Odyllic force? To get rid of one mystery we have another; we have thrown in as a positive entity, what philosophers have not acknowledged to exist. If five years ago they had asserted that tables were tipping, and chairs dancing, and people reading the thoughts we had never uttered, by an Odyllic force, President Mahan would have laughed at it, as most people will now.—This explanation doubly confounds us. But suppose we admit the existence of this Odyllic force, and admit the phenomena, and attribute it to that force; what do we then but acknowledge that by it, while in the body, one man's spirit can communicate with another, independent of all physical organizations? That is what President Mahan says. But if that be the case, why can't they just as well communicate together out of the body by this same force? And what have you then but what is claimed by these Spiritualists, who sit and talk with the dead by the hour? We repeat then, that Mr. Mahan, in this very work, has admitted all that his opponents could ask; and if this theory spreads and obtains converts, and his orthodox ideas come into bad repute, he may thank himself, and when the church wants to try anybody for treason to their creed, they may put him into the prisoner's box, and his own writings will be evidence against him.—*Newburyport Herald*.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN A BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

We skirted the Indus for about eight miles, crossing it once. The village is just opposite to Ladak. We had passed by the latter place on our return from Heme, as it is at least four miles out of our way. There is a monastery here, and we arrived at the village, and climbed the hill on which it is built, just in time to see the monks at their service. When we entered the temple there were nineteen of them in it, seated on the long-cushioned benches which occupied the space between the door and the place where the idols were. The chief monk sat on a rais-

ed seat next to the idols, and opposite to him sat the man who led the service. It seems that the custom with these monks is to join refreshments for the body together with performance of their religious duties; for, just as we arrived, we found them each with a cup in his hand for the tea which a servitor was pouring out for them all from a large copper vessel. They seem also to have a little bag of meal beneath their seats. As soon as the tea was sufficiently cool they drank it, and then proceeded with their service. The leader commenced, and the rest followed in a kind of chant, which lasted for about ten minutes; the voices were not altogether quite harmonious, or in tune, but they knew the words well by heart, and so went on without the slightest hesitation to the end, at a rate which would have made it difficult for the clearest intellect to think much of the sense of what they were saying. They profess to pray five times a day, but no one but the lamas attend the services.—Rev. R. Olark's Missionary Tour.

"We are Wiser than we know."

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The Author is indebted for this phrase, and to the train of thought which suggested the following Poem, to one of the noble Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Thou, who in the midnight silence
Lookest to the orbs on high,
Feeling humbled, yet elated,
In the presence of the sky;
Thou, who minglest With thy sadness
Pride ecstatic, awe divine,
That ev'n thou canst trace their progress
And the law by which they shine—
Intuition shall uphold thee,
Even though reason drag thee low;
Lean on faith, look up rejoicing,
We are wiser than we know.

Thou, who hearest plaintive music,
Or sweet songs of other days;
Heaven-revealing organs pealing,
Or clear voices hymning praise,
And wouldest weep, thou know'st not wherefore,
Though thy soul is steep'd in joy;
And the world looks kindly on thee,
And thy bliss hath no alloy—
Weep, nor seek for consolation,
Let the heaven-sent droplets flow,
They are hints of mighty secrets,
We are wiser than we know.

Thou, who in the noon-time brightness
Seest a shadow undefined;
Hear'st a voice that indistinctly
Whispers caution to thy mind;
Thou, who hast a vague foreboding
That a peril may be near,
Even when Nature smiles around thee,
And thy conscience holds thee clear—
Trust the warning—look before thee—
Angels may the mirror show,
Dimly still, but sent to guide thee,
We are wiser than we know.

Countless chords of heavenly music,
Struck ere earthly time began,
Vibrate in immortal concord
To the answering soul of man;
Countless rays of heavenly glory
Shine through spirit pent in clay,
On the wise men at their labors,
On the children at their play.
Man has gazed on heavenly secrets
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,
Seen the glory, heard the music,
We are wiser than we know.

ANOTHER RESCUE BY SPIRITUAL INTERPOSITION.

The case related in the preceding paragraph reminds us of one almost entirely similar to it, which happened to Capt. G., an intimate friend of the writer. Standing one time by a pile of bricks, with other persons near him, he was suddenly seized with the strong impression that the bricks were about to fall. He sprang from the place, crying out to the other persons, to beware; and in a second or two afterwards the whole pile tumbled to the ground. Had it not been for this timely in-

terior warning, he, and perhaps one or two of his companions, would have inevitably been crushed beneath the falling mass.—*Spiritual Tel.*

Self Knowledge the Knowledge of Spiritual Communion.

BY REV. J. B. FERGUSON.

We are constrained this morning to ask what is man, that he can never be satisfied with anything short of God? No evidence of hope in his prospects, nor of joy in his soul reigns triumphant over the memory of the evil of his diversified fortune, save the hope of a knowledge of God as his infinite Father, in whom alone the instincts of his being can breathe an assured and joyous existence. This knowledge is the life of his soul, and is called by Jesus the "Eternal Life," more with respect to its quality and blissful influences, than its duration. In the possession of a soul, he has the assurance of endless being, and in the knowledge of its capacity for external advancement in wisdom and purity, he gains such experience of his life in God, as makes his heaven of ever increasing beauty and joy. Without this knowledge, his humanity lies as a lifeless corpse, filling a much deeper and darker grave than that which receives the cast-off tabernacle of fleshly mortality. He exists without a recognized purpose; without an end, and if he profess a hope, it is a vain one, that disappoints with every reverse of fortune, and chills the vitality of his soul.

Self-knowledge, then, is the knowledge of God in us, and whatever leads to that knowledge, is a religious ministration, whether sanctioned by the pulpit or denounced by the Elders. The Prodigal, in the parable, felt not the protection and help of his Father's house till he "came to himself." Coming to himself brought him to his father and the joyous greeting of his house. So self-knowledge reveals the fatherhood of God in us; and the home of spiritual welcome, every-where around us, ready to greet every penitent feeling and hopeful desire, and expand them in the love and power of heavenly strength. Self-government leads to self-knowledge; self-knowledge leads to the knowledge of God in and around us, and the knowledge of God reveals the brotherhood of all intelligences throughout an immeasurable universe, whose sweet strains of earthly and celestial music make the harmony of eternal praise.

The tainted atmosphere of earth and earthly desire is impregnated with divine impulses, and hence man is constantly visited with a better hope and a livelier anticipation of good for himself and for those most dear. And as he drops his desire to sustain and support some peculiar view of an infinite subject, he comes to cherish the blissful evidence of connection with the encircling band of a suffering but hopeful humanity. He draws, then, from an inexhaustable store-house of immortal planting in memory and thought, and feels the links that bind him to God and the great family of man. These links he measures according to the capacity given, and that capacity, moral and intellectual, expands as he cherishes his love of truth, and kindles the flame of celestial fire that consumes all fear, measures all time, and reveals eternity.

It is given to every heart to obtain its God. But thepossession bequeathes no exclusive privileges, for it reveals divine evidences, scattered by a universal hand, broad cast over every nation and in every creature. Man's free-born thoughts charm and elevate, and their light penetrates every angry cloud that may arise over the horizon of his hope from his own dark deeds of ignorance and shame. He ceases to nurse the deadly viper of hate and malice, lest the poison should still the chorus of his soul, and impregnate it with loathsome stench, that corrupts the sweet odors of peace to the memory and hope to the aspirations. He comes to be a thinking and a rational being; and, as such, finds himself pursuing the same journey and desiring the same end with the most elevated of his kind; and the dark robe of the memory of misspent hours, with all its grotesque and detestable figures of superstition and worldly idolatry, falls down in tatters and rottenness, to be gathered up no more as the clothing of an immortal nature.

Ah! how few of us know ourselves! How impossible without this knowledge, to know our God, and to know the sublime purposes and ends of that God in us and in all! What evidence of a future hope, of a blissful immortality, do we bear? We, who were created by God, and bear his infinite impress upon our spiritual nature, live in his perfect and unbounded universe, and live on amid its wonderful and beautiful changes, connected by indissoluble ties to those who have cast off the form of fleshly imprisonment, and bound by fear and hope to thousands yet to come?—What miserable Pyrrhonism do we cherish, to cloud our vision to all that could instil a thought of a blissful end? What welcome do we give to doubt, the mighty messenger of the soul, to distrust the messages of peace, that with relentless hands it may snatch from our dying grasp, all that could reveal our entrance upon scenes of light and hope immortal? Our God is end and destiny, and hence our God is our all. As we are, so is he to us, in all stages of an eternal progress. He blesses us with the gentle zephyrs of a morning promise, or withers every thought that is false to our nature, that its dead or poisonous leaves may be scattered, never to be gathered again.

We cannot grasp eternity in one short hour. How vain, then, to refuse to learn, where all are divine teachers! When we learn how to live, we are prepared to die. When sincerity of purpose becomes the beacon-star to guide us, we can safely pass over every troubled sea, and our hopes are ever buoyant, because they ever look to God. Purity of heart and sincerity of purpose, make the band with which he holds us to the past, present, and future: to eternity! Anything less can only hold us to some perishing form that changes while we grasp it, and leaves its deadly sting behind, to force us away from it and its loathsome decay. The prophetic visions of the sainted fathers of every tribe and every religion, become

clear to such a purpose; and the bright evidences of present disclosures lose their meagreness and ambiguity, when they disclose our varying destiny as humanity varies in its faithfulness—faithfulness to itself and the God it bears and worships.

Come, then, my brothers all, let us treat each other kindly, for we have much to bear in our mortal struggles. And as we advance in wisdom and devotion, our reputation and feelings are luckstered to every credulous populace which has not become mainly enough to know its brotherhood. We are bone of the same bone, and flesh of the same flesh, and must become spirit of the same spirit. We are subject to the same imperfections, and equally susceptible to the same false or faithful evidences of hope. We need to be brought to the consciousness of our being in God, as we now have our consciousness of being in the external and changing departments of his creation. The idle illusions of the passing rabble may engulf the purest strains of spiritual melody that are sent to consecrate our earthly hearth-stones. Shall we prove false to the divine communion for which provision is made in every human heart? Or shall we circumscribe our actions and conduct within the pale of humanity, that its anthems may find a daily response in our bosoms? That response shall be of God, and will mingle and commingle with all the vicissitudes through which he calleth every mortal to a knowledge of his immortality.

One more question, and I am done. I speak not to amaze you, nor in accordance with my views of what a discourse should be. I speak because my spirit nature is impressed to speak. And I ask, shall the heathen, in every age, boast of the living evidence of his hope, while we, in our anxiety to enlighten his 'dark mind,' can only bear to him an evidence that at best is but a memory,—a memory, it may be, of privileges granted to men more true, but not more favored. Shall five thousand years of boasted revelations, as claimed in your Bibles, only serve to render man unfit to commune with God, and the angel forms through whom He gave us life on earth, and would now give us hope immortal? Shall our idolatrous reverence of its pages drive glad tidings of immortal friendship from our own firesides? Shall it still the accents of prattling innocence and hoary age, as they speak of immortal purity and hope? O! fables twice told, when will you cease to make dumb the reason, and paralyze the conscience of these boasted heirs of freedom, only to assure them of the fallacious boon that speaks a changeless God, more uncertain now than when appealed to in the brutal ages that are passed?

A Day at Pompeii.

From Haper's Magazine for November.

What traveler fails to associate with Naples a laughing sky, a bounteous soil, a smiling sea—in short, that happy combination of elements which, making up our idea of a terrestrial paradise, ever beckons us to approach and pluck its fruits of enjoyment? The ancients sought to secure this coveted happiness by the discovery of the "Fortunate Islands." Their descendants, still more eager and worldly, not contented with the prodigality of Nature in a climate more favored than Plato ever imagined, have worried science and research in the futile effort to detect the elixir of life, or discover the fountain of youth, that they might drink of the one or bathe in the other, and live forever on the earth. But there are certain secrets that Nature seems determined to keep, although constantly flattering us that she is upon the point of disclosing the coveted mysteries. Among them is the common delusion of a "good climate"—a natmospherical Eden, which is neither too hot nor too cold, too damp nor too dry, and, opening every pore to sensuous delight, we would be content to pronounce it "just right." Having tried a greater variety of climates than is the usual lot of man, I am satisfied that while all have their good points, there is none perfect. The only sure rule of enjoyment is "to make hay while the sun shines," and not to believe that because Dame Nature smiles to-day she will to-morrow. She is a coquette from principle, and often fascinates, but the more speedily to disappoint.

She smiles so sweetly, however, upon Naples, when she does smile, that one is, as it were, subdued into enjoyment, in spite of human nature and its thousand ills and wayward humors. Her fine days are absolutely borrowed from Paradise. The atmosphere absolutely becomes an elixir of health and fountain of happiness. The soul is not beguiled into that dreamy languor, so fatal to exertion in the tropics, but it nerves the body to active pleasure and grateful emotions. Like the lark, one longs to soar and sing in the sparkling sunlight, receiving health and bliss on each expansion of wing. The ripe fruit, however, does not drop into the lap, but it must be plucked. Hence, in a temperature like that of Naples, arises that superior happiness which results from the equal stimulus and employment of both mind and body, under circumstances the most favorable, so far as God's works are concerned, for the perfect development of life—life in the sense of blissful existence, where every breath is pleasure, and every pulsation joy.

Yet Naples is sadly capricious, notwithstanding her largess of delights. She gives, but she exacts also. The scorching sirocco shrinks the pores and strangles the mind. It is a fiery furnace, in which every previous atmospherical sense of enjoyment is consumed by slow torture. The reaction in the nervous system is terrible. Africa by one blast of her breath, revenges a thousand wrongs. I know nothing in the whole range of winds more soul-subduing, body-famishing, than the sirocco. It wilts, it shrinks, it parches, it enfeebles; it irritates, it pinches, it pricks, it tickles; it is an amalgam of melancholy and imbecility, the subtlest medium for low spirits ever let loose upon egotistical man, and yields to no exorcism save that of a shift of the weather-cock.

The eccentricities of weather tend, I believe, to make Naples what it really is, a city of paradoxes. Its subtle influences affect the national character, and give it a composite element of seeming eccentricities. One

is equally eager to arrive and to leave; both emotions have their pleasurable associations. Naples, after Rome, is like a resurrection from the grave to the world. Here we find life in its active sense, London life is a dull, plodding, staid, wearisome life; forms and shams—much eating and loud speaking are its elements. New York life is a commercial whirlpool; to get is written on every man's brow; the weak are swallowed up, while the strong splash, and toss, and foam upon the broad current of Mammon. Paris life is a refined, sensuous emotion, selfish but courteous—a graceful flowing of the stream of pleasure toward the precipice of death. Naples life is deviltry itself. It is at once the busiest and idlest city of them all, overflowing with merriment while steeped in misery; with the most glitter, it exhibits the most rags; and from beauty to ugliness there is but one step, which forms the bridge of contrast, and these external contracts, joined to virtues and vices of equally opposite degrees, are in general concentrated in every individual inhabitant. Electrify these extremes by the active affinities of life, quickened into intensity by a climate which gives, as it were, an additional sense of pleasure or pain to every passion or emotion, and we have the veritable Neapolitan, the real child of the Sun—at once the most indolent and most active, the most vivacious and the most taciturn, the best humored and most revengeful, the most cunning and the most frank, the greatest vagabond and the best fellow—all things to all men; quick-witted, sagacious, begging, specious hypocritical, superstitious, lying, droll, amiable, talking with double-tongue power, and gesticulating specimen of humanity extant. To complete the paradox, because Nature has been to them overbountiful, they want but little besides her sunshine.

Naples is frightfully busy; the stir in the streets is most extraordinary. Even the fleas must be endowed with extra hopping powers to get a bite, so quick and restless is this population, unless they see fit to slumber, when they betake themselves to the apathy of death. A stranger is tempted to ask, What the deuce is all this noise and shouting about? The very dust seems endued with a portion of this mercurial activity. There are no commerce, war, elections, or protracted meetings—in fact, it seems as if there were nothing to do, and yet a more vigorous doing-nothing no population can display. One would suppose that the city was each day either upon the point of being taken by storm, or had laid siege to itself. The clang of the trumpet, the rub-a-dub of the drum, and the tramp of uniformed men, regiment after regiment, are heard at every corner, while batteries of grim guns point through the squares, and raze the principal streets. Above them, below them, and around them, the Neapolitans are girt with volcanic fires, and a cordon of gunpowder and steel. Daily, in their midst, do they see the tender mercies of their government displayed by troops of their fellow-citizens, clad in galley costume, and heavily chained together in couples by their arms and legs, followed by hireling soldiers, as they are driven like cattle to their repulsive labors. These are simply criminals in law—criminals in politics are withdrawn from even the semblance of human sympathy, and in irons, starvation, and solitude, banished to unwholesome dungeons, to expiate, in protracted torture of mind and body, the crime of patriotism. From prisons blackened with the misery of ages and battered by time, through strong and thick-set iron bars, despite the terrors of a tyrant-drilled soldiery, famishing, hardened wretches stretch their gaunt arms, and, with mingled ribaldry and blasphemy, demand charity, or mock the freedom of their former associates, who, with strange fascination, sun themselves beside the walls of these sepulchres of human virtue and liberty. Elsewhere the apparatus of tyranny is masked, but in Naples it stands forth as prominent as Vesuvius, bristling with horrors like an infernal machine. Yet the Neapolitans laugh and sing, work or doze, as the impulse seizes them, as reckless of these evidences of their degradation as if they were intended solely for the inhabitants of another sphere, and not for themselves, their wives, and their little ones. Their climate is to them meat and drink, raiment and liberty. At once the results and supports of a political tyranny and religious despotism that recalls the darkest ages, they will continue to bask contentedly in the mire of ignorance and slavery until some new Massaniello fires their passions, or education awakens in them the loftier hopes and desires of humanity.

To enjoy Naples, one should not think. Its mocking joy and stores of fune come really home only in the perfect abandon of its life. To float on its current, and not to dive, is the rule for enjoyment. Yet the hour of satiety, even of pleasure, is not slow to come. A perpetual grin is fatiguing, dust is choking, and noise is stunning. Disgust is apt to pock its sardonic face through the mask of novelty, so that what one not to the manor bred and born at first found amusing, begins at last to be wearisome. Now, as in the days of the Pharaohs, the skeleton will appear unbidden at the feast. Besides, there are some ingredients in a Neopolitan crowd rather unprofitable than otherwise both to purse and morals. Pimps importune with a pertinacity peculiarly Neapolitan, reciting a tariff for every feminine charm and masculine vice; beggars whine, extort, and turn the public walks into pathological museums for the exhibition of sores and deformity. But the most amusing and successful of the street leeches are the pickpockets. A thief in Naples is a hero. The public make way for him to escape, and close up against his pursuer. I had my pocket picked almost as soon as I entered the street—an event which, in fifteen years' travel, had happened but once before. A friend of mine rarely was able to keep a handkerchief through promenade. In self-defense, he took to the cheapest cotton. As he was stepping into his carriage, he missed, as usual, the article. At the same moment, he saw it thrown contemptuously toward him by one of the street gentry, who, amidst the jeers of the crowd, vented his disappointment by crying out, "Who would have thought a gentleman like him would have carried a pocket-handkerchief like that!"

Then too, one tires of seeing surfeited urchins swallow maccaroni by the unbroken fathom at the rate of a copper a dish, for the amusement of

the "forestieri," who marvel at such gastronomic dexterity. Turning their heads, they can see lazzaroni family groups amicably engaged in furnishing each member with food from their superfluous craniologic stock—a process unfortunately common, and by no means a whet to a fastidious appetite. But the cruellest sight of all is the amount of work exacted from one little horse. An Italian nowhere is by any means sensitive in his treatment of these animals. The whip is made to supply the deficiency of spirit even among gentlemen's studs. But Naples is the true purgatory of horseflesh. The horses here must possess some vital tenacity unknown elsewhere. The Neapolitans, too, contrive to infuse some of their own devil-may-care hilarity even into their beasts, dressing them up with flowers, feathers, bells, and gay trappings, so that what with the shouting, laughter, jokes, and flogging of the party he draws, the poor brute seems really to be enjoying his holiday instead of doing the labor of four horses. A Neapolitan cabriolet is a sight of itself. Look, dear reader! This is no rare show. A medley of priest and woman, thief and peasant, beggar and bride, characteristic Neapolitans every soul of them with a baby screaming for joy in the basket under the axle, twenty-one in all, over head and ears in frolic, with but one half-starved horse to shake them to their journey's end. They manage, too, to get a speed out of these quadruped victims that is really astonishing to pedestrians, and often puts them in no little danger of their limbs. I can compare one of these parties in full chorus only to a jovial war-whoop—one's hair stands on end as they dash by, and one laughs as if it were his last chance.

On an unimpeachable morning toward the end of April, when the weather was literally faultless, the air the breath of heaven itself, not a cloud to dim the lustre of a sky whose lucidity seemed to realize infinity, while the "Bay" slept tranquil under the balmy zephyrs, and the distant islands and headlands lay robed in translucency as if defying criticism—on such a day I awoke in Nables, satisfied, nay, disgusted with its chaos of sights and sounds, and cast about me for some quiet retreat where I might, if but for a few short hours, become oblivious to its soulless turmoil.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Last of the Randolphs.

A Southern correspondent sends us the following interesting sketch: "During the summer of 1854 I had some business transactions which called me to the county of Charlotte, in lower Virginia. A mild and lovely Sabbath morning found me seated in one of the comfortably cushioned pews of the village church, at the Court-House. As it wanted a few minutes to the hour of service, wandered over the large and respectful looking audience assembled, and finally attracted by a very eccentric individual, who was last entering—a rather aged man, tall, of dark complexion, long white hair waving plentifully over his shoulders, and an equally venerable beard flowing on his breast. His step was active and graceful, his form erect and manly. But his peculiar actions were in striking contrast to his dignified appearance. At first, I thought him only eccentric, but a few moments of farther observation proved to me that he was insane. Immediately on entering his pew he knelt towards the wall, crossed himself, and, apparently, repeated a prayer. He then sat down, drew out a white cambric, delicately perfumed, wiped his brow, removed his gloves, stroked his hair and beard, took up his Bible, kissed it and read, examined his cane, used his handkerchief again—and all the time keeping himself in constant motion. I say all the time, but, occasionally, he was passive for a few minutes—his attention, apparently roused by some truths from the minister; but these times were rare. His countenance assumed all kinds of expressions. Contempt, alarm, pleasure, earnestness, sorrow, anger, flitted across it in rapid succession. It reminded me more of what children call, "making faces," than anything else.

"After the services were over, I ascertained that this gentleman was no other than the nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He calls himself Sir John St. George Randolph, and is sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph, himself remarked with bitterness, during his last days, that their blood flowed in the veins of but one single scion and he was deaf, dumb, and insane. So much for human greatness. The subject of this sketch—although physically, and now, mentally defective—had a mind cultivated in the highest degree. In his youth, he was sent to Paris, where, under the protection of a celebrated abbe, he received a thorough education. Having the capacity to receive, and the wealth to command, no pains were spared in the improvement of his intellectual faculties. But it was labor lost; for, on returning to his home in Virginia, he met with, and loved, a young lady, whom he ad-

dressed, but was refused, on account of his physical defects. On becoming aware of the truth, he was plunged in the most profound grief, from which he was at last aroused, but insane.

"He has considerable wealth, which is managed by his friends; and being harmless, he comes and goes as he pleases, and is gratified in all his whims. Wrecked, as his mind is, he still commands respect; and his peculiar manners do not attract the attention of his acquaintances, or excite merriment, as one would suppose."—*Home Journal*.

The Widow and Orphan.

A worthy lady of this city, who has been an orphan, and is now a widow, with two small children dependant upon her unaided exertions for sustenance and education, was left, on the death of her husband, a little cottage to shelter herself and her little ones.

This humble home is now advertised to be sold for improvements made by order of the city authorities; and she has no means to prevent its being sacrificed; her utmost exertions being barely sufficient to support herself and children. An effort is being made, to raise one hundred dollars; the sum necessary to prevent its being sold. An earnest appeal is being made to the benevolent, for aid in this laudable object. Contributions will be gratefully received by WM. G. OLIVER, at his office, 263 Main Street, and by HENRY LAMB, at his store in Lloyd-st.

REMARKABLE IMPRESSION OF A DEATH.

A gentleman, known to one of the proprietors of this paper, but who modestly rather than commendably (we think) shrinks from the publicity of his name in this connection, states to us that as he was traveling across the western prairies on his return from Oregon, some years since, and when he was fifteen hundred miles from home, and at least one thousand miles from any civilized human habitation, he was suddenly seized with the vivid impression that his father had just at that moment died. He took out his watch and made a memorandum of the hour and minute of this occurrence; and when he arrived home he found that his father had actually died at precisely that hour and minute.—How absurd to suppose that he could have thus accurately guessed at this, and how equally absurd to suppose that he could have received the impression in any other way than by the action of some ultra-mundane intelligence upon the interior faculties of his own spirit!—*Spiritual Tel.*

THE CELESTIAL POEM.

The order of the universe is a celestial poem, whose beauty is from all eternity, and must not be marred by human interpolations. Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice and well adjusted and perfect harmony—so that, as the hand of the skilful artist gathers music from the harp-strings, history gathers it from the well-tuned chords of time. Not that this harmony can be heard while events are passing. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man may one day arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present, and foretell the future; but as yet the sum of present actions, though we ourselves take part in them, seems shapeless and unintelligible. But all is one whole—men, systems, nations, the race, all march in accord with the Divine will; and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.—Our solar system occupies a spot or situation near the centre of the vast bed of stars, called the Milky Way, and is performing a revolution around the star Alcyone, one of the brightest in the Pleiades, the single journey occupying 18,200,000 years, moving at the amazing velocity of 400,000 miles a day. The bulk or magnitude of that sun around which it revolves is no less than 117,400,000 times that of our sun. There are stars, in all probability, of that amazing magnitude, that if any one of them were placed where our sun is, it would not only fill out the entire planetary system,—the whole orbit of Neptune—but extend far beyond! Light passing from Alcyone to the earth occupies 537 years, traveling 200,000 miles in a second; there-

fore, this star cannot be at a less distance than 3,389,286, 240,000 of miles from our earth. A cannon ball traveling at the rate of 500 miles an hour, would consume or require 773,380 of years in passing from it to us. Lord Ross' gigantic telescope has revealed stars to us so distant that the light passing from them to us would consume not less than 30,000,000 of years—traveling at the rapid rate already mentioned. These stars cannot be at a less distance than 189,345,600,000,000,000 of miles from us. A cannon ball moving at the aforesaid velocity, would consume 43,200,000,000,000 of years in traveling from them to us. Wonderful and astonishing as the magnitudes and distances are, they are but mere insignificant points or atoms in comparison with the whole boundless universe, which can call into requisition all the energies of a Newton or a Herschel, and which the Great Sovereign of the whole controls with perfect ease.

LOCKPORT October 22d 1855.

Dear Friend Albro: I have been reading the two numbers of the second volume of the Age of Progress, and are much pleased with their contents. I am fully of opinion that, should the paper hold out one year as it has commenced, it will be instrumental in producing happy results in the propagation of the spiritual faith, which is the only religion that presents a God worthy of adoration. I am so well pleased with your paper, that I wish all who are able to read, could have it laid before them, and those who cannot read, might have it read to them, that they may realize that their invisible friends are not forever lost from them, but that they are continually using their influence to induce them to live virtuous lives, that they may be prepared for a new birth into a sphere more glorious.

I am so pleased with the paper, that I wish all my children to read it. Consequently I wish you to direct a copy, commencing with the first number of this volume, to my son, SETH H. WHITMORE, Franklin Grove, Lee county, Illinois. Please call on my friend, T.—R.—who will hand you the fee.

Yours for progress.

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